

Pancakes for Dinner

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Pancakes for Dinner

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Summary

Realistically, George knew Clay was tall. Clay himself had told him, multiple times if George must add, grinning over facetime whilst he tells George he's lucky that he's got a man over six foot.

or, three times Clay being tall helped and one time it didn't.

Notes

EEK. i was gna anon post this bc i Am the same age as Dream and definitely too old to be writing fic abt minecraft youtubers but we ride.

please do Not show this to anyone associated with either of them, or god forbid dream or george. if either of them express discomfort with fics i shall be deleting.

that said, pls enjoy :)

Realistically, George *knew* Clay was tall. Clay himself had told him, multiple times if George must add, grinning over facetime whilst he tells George he's lucky that he's got a man over six foot. George has literally seen pictures of Clay with family members where he's bending his head down a little to fit into the picture. He knows it, but won't admit it to Clay that he kinda loves it.

But none of that means he's even slightly prepared to meet Clay and finally see just how tall he is.

He's at Orlando International Airport, his heart beating so loudly he can barely hear the surrounding standard airport noise. George's hands are fiddling with his luggage handle, whilst he glances nervously around for Clay, and maybe just slightly wishing he'd stayed at home. Because what if him and Clay don't *work* in real life, what if it's different when they're face to face and not screen to screen, because, sure, they've known each other for years but have only been dating for months and it's still all so *new* and *scary* and.

George's panicked internal monologue is cut short when he hears his name being called by a voice he's fallen asleep to too many times to remember and when he looks up from his luggage, he sees him. Clay, *his* Clay. George knew that Clay was tall, and he also knew that Clay was beautiful, but that doesn't stop him from being shocked at the sight of his boyfriend in front of him, in all his *tall, beautiful* glory.

"Clay." George breathes out, staring up into green eyes he can't even see.

"George." Clay replies, face broken into a wide grin with his perfect teeth on show, damn Americans, George thinks.

And then George is letting his suitcase fall to the ground as he takes a step forward to wrap his arms around the younger boy and push his head into Clay's chest.

"Hi," George speaks, then looks up at his boyfriend, "Fuck, hi, Clay! Oh my god, oh my *god*."

Clay is laughing, his chest shaking slightly under George's chin, "Hey Georgie, wow. I can't believe you're here. In my *arms*."

George thinks that he never wants to be anywhere else but Clay's arms ever again.

But he has to pull away eventually, because they're making a slight scene in the airport but mostly because he has to kiss Clay, like now.

Clay's eyes are shining with happiness and disbelief and some little sparkle that George knows is so

uniquely *Clay* that it makes his whole body feel fuzzy. When George pushes up on his tippy toes to kiss Clay it changes from fuzzy to *complete*. George knows it's their first kiss, but it feels like they've been doing this for a millenia.

It's a week later and George is in Clay's kitchen, rummaging through his cupboards to try to find ingredients to make pancakes. Even if the recipe Clay gave him confuses the fuck out of him, because seriously, what does $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of flour even *mean*?

"George?" Clay calls from around the corner, and George whips his head around to be greeted by the very welcome sight of Clay fresh out the shower with just a towel wrapped around his waist.

If the past week with his boyfriend has taught George anything, it's that skype sex has absolutely *nothing* on in person sex.

"Yeah?"

"Whatcha looking for?"

"Flour, I was gonna surprise you with pancakes but your kitchen confuses me, where even *is* your washing machine?" George grins, because he knows it'll make Clay roll his eyes in fond exasperation.

"In the laundry room, y'know, the place for laundry," Clay replies, walking over to where George is leaning against a counter and pressing a quick kiss to his forehead, "the flour, however, is here."

Then Clay points at the highest up cupboard in the whole apartment. George is adamant that he is *not* small, he's a perfectly normal five foot nine, but he knows immediately that he won't be able to reach the top shelf.

"Okay, well," George says, glaring at Clay, who's sporting a shit-eating grin and the Brit wonders if he put it on the highest shelf deliberately, "No pancakes for us then I guess!"

"Aw, can you not reach it, baby?" Clay replies, grin still firmly fixed in place, and not even the pet name can crumble George's resolve.

"It's not that I *can't* , it's that I simply choose not to."

Clay outright wheezes at George's statement, and maybe that chips a few pieces of his resolve away because nothing makes the elder happier than Clay's laughter.

Clay smiles again, a real, soft smile that makes George go all mushy inside and want to write GCSE style poems about how beautiful his boyfriend is. He leans down a little, and places an equally soft kiss on George's lips, before reaching over George's head and grabbing the flour with ease.

George would be offended if he wasn't so in love.

"There ya go." Clay says, setting the tub down next to the bowl George had already got out.

"Thanks," George smiles back, cupping Clay's freshly shaven face and pressing a kiss on his cheek, "I guess there are *some* benefits to having a tall boyfriend."

Clay scoffs, "And to think I thought the main benefit was me holding you up against the wall when I fuck you?"

"CLAY!"

George doesn't want to go home. England is wet, and cold, and empty. Florida is sunny, warm, and full of Clay. Full of Clay's laughter, and Clay's kisses, and Clay's whispered 'I love you's' and promises of their future.

Home *is* Clay.

George doesn't know how he's meant to go back to his empty flat and go to sleep without his head nestled on Clay's bare chest, or how he's meant to eat dinner without having Clay next to him joking about some shit he'd seen earlier on Reddit.

It's 9am and George goes home tomorrow but he doesn't even want to get out of bed, *Clay's* bed, *their* bed for the past three weeks. Clay stirs from behind him, the arm that's thrown over George's waist gently moving up and down George's ribcage.

"Morning." Clay murmurs, and George really didn't think any sound was nicer than Clay's normal voice, but his rough, just woken up voice has given it a run for its money.

"Morning." George replies, and he doesn't even think he sounds that off, so maybe it's testament to how well Clay knows him that the younger is immediately turning George around to face him, a concerned look etched on his still half sleepy face.

"What's wrong?"

George sighs, pushing his head forward till his forehead rests on Clay's.

"I go home tomorrow."

"Ah," Clay replies, bringing a hand up to brush through George's hair, "Yeah, that's shit."

George snorts, "Just a little."

Clay's used the hand in George's hair to push his head back a little so they're staring at each other, and for the five hundredth time the past three weeks George is struck dumb by how gorgeous Clay is.

"It'll be okay George," Clay starts, even if his expression is pained, "I'm gonna miss you so fucking much but, it'll just be like before. We'll facetime every day, and annoy Sapnap by how much we text. But now we'll just have the added benefit of memories of us together."

And George *knows* that Clay is trying to make him feel better, beautiful, thoughtful Clay, but if

anything it just makes him feel worse. He doesn't want what it was like before, he wants what it's like *now*. He wants to fall asleep with Clay's warmth radiating off him, he wants to play stupid Minecraft challenges side by side, laughing into each others sides when they die, he wants to be with Clay *forever* .

Later, George won't even deny that he lets out a small whimper.

" *Baby*, " Clay soothes, guiding George's head till it's tucked under the taller's chin, "I'll come see you as soon as possible, you still have to show me all the places you used to underage drink at."

George snorts a little, burying his nose further into Clay's collarbone, "I know, I just, I wish we didn't live across the fucking ocean."

Clay hums in agreement, his hand coming back up to twirl George's hair through his fingers.

"I love you." George says, pressing a small kiss into Clay's skin.

"I love you too." Clay replies, returning the kiss into George's hair.

George doesn't think he'll ever get tired of hearing Clay say those three words. George also doesn't think he'll ever get tired of how perfectly he fits into Clay's embrace, maybe Clay's height is his second favourite thing about the man. Y'know, after literally every single thing about him.

Living in Florida feels right, but George supposes living anywhere would feel right if he were with Clay.

Their new apartment is still empty, nothing but a king sized bed in *their* bedroom and their gaming setups in the office. They have an *office* , George is still in disbelief as he walks around the place, a smile permanently fixed on his face as he pictures the next few years of their life here.

Clay is in the living room, fussing with the wifi router, George can hear him swear under his breath a few times before he takes pity on him and wanders in. He's hit with a bout of disbelief again, as

he watches his boyfriend try and grab a wire that's fallen behind the built in cupboard. He can't believe this is *their* home.

Clay turns around just as George is about to ask him if he's okay, "George! Just the man I was looking for."

The Brit raises an eyebrow in response, and Clay grins back at him. His smile fills the whole room, George thinks to himself.

"I need you to reach behind here and grab the ethernet cable for me," Clay says, smiling more as George once again raises his eyebrow, "Please? Pretty please, Georgie?"

George rolls his eyes, but he knows that his love for the younger shines through in them, "Okay, but I don't see why I have a better chance of reaching it than you do."

"Ah, you see," Clay begins as George walks over and peers down the back to see the cable, which is barely half a ruler down, "You're smaller than me, y'know littler hands and all that."

George glares, "I am *not* little."

Clay chuckles, and hooks his chin over George's head as if to just prove a point, "Whatever you say, little one."

George wants to be angry, wants to pretend that their height difference doesn't just turn him on the smallest bit, even after a year and a half together. But Clay is kissing down his cheek and pushing his lips onto George's and any fake anger he had is kissed away from him.

Clay pulls away slightly, so his breath is ghosting George's lips, "Please? I'll make it up to you later."

And really, how could George say no to that.

In the end, it takes approximately three seconds for his fingers to brush the top of the cable and a further five for him to hook it out and place it on the top of the cupboard.

"You beauty!" Clay grins, turning to hug George and spin him around a little, George's feet are barely off the ground but he's still shrieking with laughter, eyes closed in happy crescent moons. Clay is laughing too, and whispering 'I love you'.

When Clay puts him down, he's still smiling, "See George, there *are* benefits to being small."

George pushes lightly on Clay's chest, pushing up on his tippy toes to press a familiar kiss onto the younger's lips, just like he did at the airport.

"M' not small." George replies, but Clay is too busy running his tongue along George's teeth to respond.

George decides that all iconic duos have a tall and small one anyway.

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